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THE TWO REPUBLICS

By CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG

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Los Angeles California

1916

CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG, PH. D.

THE TWO REPUBLICS

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS— UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

DELIVERED AT
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
AUGUST 12, 1915

By
CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG

Author of ANCIENT SCHOOL SYSTEMS
THE MODERN SCHOOL SYSTEM
CO-EDUCATION OF RACES
AND OTHERS

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By CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG
1916

Respectfully Dedicated to the Patriots of
The Two Republics.

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FOREWORD

When written, "THE TWO REPUBLICS" seemed an inspiration. Time passes. The scene changes. The rainbow of promise now shows dimly. Through the vista is seen the same smiling fields; over the fields, the same eagle balancing on her pinions. But the olive branch is missing; instead, are the arrows of death; — the American eagle is facing southward.

The civilization in Mexico is not the civilization in the United States; and yet the former civilization, possibly, is no less valuable than the latter. One is the counterpart of the other and each should be preserved. Those who would destroy the Mexican civilization, and the peoples who comprise that certain civilization, are unworthy to subsist from the soil of a common heritage, or in common with mortals to breathe the free air of heaven. Dean David P. Barrows, of the University of California, appreciative of the high art of Mexican civilization, in a recent address said: "The United States needs that certain civilization of Mexico quite as much as Mexico needs the civilization of the United States."

Under present conditions, — protect our border? Yes. Punish murdering Mexican bandits who desecrate Ameri-

can soil? Yes. Perpetuate the spirit of '76, of 1812, of American honor at all times and at whatever cost? Yes. "What we conquer let us conserve for the advantage and advancement of *all* mankind? No. The Orient? No. The Occident? No. The United States? No. The few Americans, unmindful that "the profit of the earth is for all";—who exploit the United States and would exploit Mexico? A thousand noes!!! "For the advantage and advancement of all mankind" has been the slogan of the murderous cohorts of invaders since the first recorded battles of biblical times, four thousand years ago.

Never country existed incapable of self-government! Mexico has existed a thousand years, without American rule; and a thousand years hence Mexico would continue to exist, without American rule. Paraphrasing Lincoln's great speech at Peoria, Illinois, in 1854: When the American governs himself that, I acknowledge, is self-government; when the American governs himself and the Mexican besides, that I call despotism.

"THE TWO REPUBLICS" was delivered several months ago. In the address there was an effort made to review the relations between the two republics. I had not considered the results of the effort of sufficient importance to merit publication. But of late having been importuned by prominent citizens in the east, and in California, I have reluctantly consented to have the address published. In

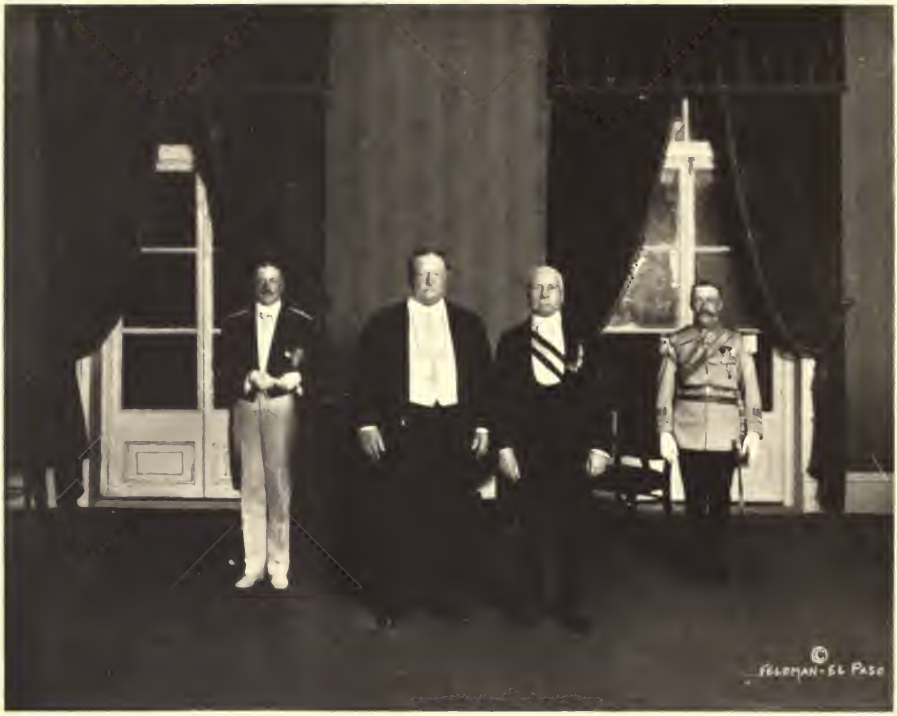
the interest of Mexico? Yes. In the interest of the United States? Yes. In the interest of humanity? Yes;—in the hope that self-evident truths may have some influence on two historic friends to withhold the impending step which must humiliate Mexico, and might be "the fatal and final step in America's downfall." In nominating Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency John W. Wescott sounded the keynote of warning to campaigning militant-patriots, who would troop under the blue flag with the American eagle: "Help Mexico, lest over her bloody grave are sown the dragons' teeth of our own destruction." ————————.

> "So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart
> And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

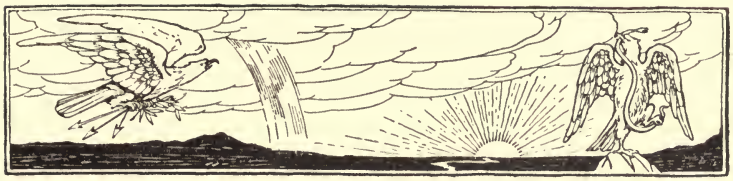
CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG.

July Fourth,
1916.

Univ. of
California



PRESIDENTS WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT AND PORFIRIO DIAZ
ON THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY LINE, C. JUAREZ, MEXICO
OCTOBER 16, 1909



THE TWO REPUBLICS

Mr. President and Members of the ANĂHUAC CLUB:

ON the western hemisphere are two republics of like aims, of like interests.

In the republic to the north, under the azure blue and balancing on her pinions over smiling fields, I see an eagle with an olive branch in her talons,—looking towards a rainbow of promise. Above the eagle, above the azure blue,—in the skies there sits enthroned the Prince of Peace, the Friend of all mankind.

In the republic to the south, under the clouds on a promontory projecting out over a sea of misery, I see a sister eagle with a serpent in her talons, — looking towards the rising sun. Above the eagle, above the clouds,—in the mountains there sits enthroned Ancient Mars, the relentless God of War.

Ancient Mars!

> " Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies
> Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes! "

We are in a world-war atmosphere charged and surcharged with human greed. Menaces with lightning speed now and then zig-zag through the war clouds o'er hang-

ing the horizon. Twelve nations which at the second Hague Peace Conference solemnly declared for peace have since recklessly declared for war. The greatest champions for peace then were Czar Nicholas of Russia and Emperor William of Germany; as fiercest-grim-visaged-demons of war, these rulers now cry:

"Arm warriors, Arm for fight"

among the millions in the empires they represent. You may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace; over all ill-fated Europe man is arrayed against man for mutual slaughter. Nations formerly enemies are now allied in war as friends; nations formerly friends are now in warfare bitterest enemies. With the flag of patriotism waving from the mast-head, millions have gone to their doom in war's maelstrom of destruction. Torpedoed is the civilization of two thousand years;—our civilization, listing,—sinking with hundreds of millions of victims;—the only explanation, servile allegiance to country.

"Be true to your country and your God"

is a sentiment grand; but grander the sentiment,

"The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

From 1519 when, under the reign of Charles the First of Spain, Cortez landed at Vera Cruz; and from 1620 when, under the reign of James the First of England, the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock the history of Mexico and the United States respectively has been one of poetry and song, of romance and tragedy, each history unique in itself as the millions of men and women come on and pass off the stage of human action. In all these

years of history, Mexico has had her invasions by foreign foes from across the seas, her Spain and her France; the United States, her France and her England. Save the one break in friendship's golden chain, that of 1846, a break regretted by our illustrious Grant and our immortal Lincoln, there has existed between "Historic Old Mexico" and the "Great Mother of Free Nations" continuous peace, peace covering one hundred and thirty-eight years, years the most momentous in the world's history. Between these two republics there is now peace; in the interests of the two republics I now speak for continued peace; God grant that between these two republics there may always be peace.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

No one can enter into sympathy with the Mexican people who does not know Mexican history. Mexico has had her long centuries of struggle for freedom; her liberty bell is her emblem of freedom, but her struggle for freedom still goes on. She has had a Father of her country, her Emancipator and her hundreds of heroes. The thrilling stories of her battle-fields have been handed down from father to son. She has her lakes, her valleys and her mountains; she has her historic dwellings, her edifices of centuries ago and her ancient ruins,—held sacred through the changing years. In all the history of Mexico the Mexican armies have at no time, as the aggressor, crossed the border to acquire new territory; to exact tribute from another nation or to enslave other peoples. It has been her rich possessions which have brought Mexico fiercest foes; when God created conditions and gave Mex-

ico her life He also gave her woes; and on through the centuries has turned the fateful wheel of destiny.

"The stroke of fate the strongest cannot shun."

The revolutionary war was a reminiscence; the war of 1812 had passed into history; the United States was growing in prestige; had demonstrated as a republic that the citadel of her liberties was immune from the attack of a foreign foe; was at that time leading the nations of the world on the highway of progress. Not so Imperial Spain. There was a time when the sun never set on the Spanish Dominions; when the Spanish Armada was considered invincible; when the flag of Imperial Spain floated over three-fourths of the globe. But the halcyon days of Spain lingered then only in memory. The Lion and Tower had become the emblem of smouldering national ruins. The Spanish navy had been swept from the seas; the distant provinces of the Spanish peoples disclaimed further allegiance to the Fatherland,—in America the Spanish dependencies were in open revolt; the once world-empire, like Admiral Cevera going out of the Bay of Santiago, was going to her doom.

But backed by the Holy Alliance, Spain hoped to regain her prestige; hoped to re-subjugate her Spanish-American colonies. The Holy Alliance, although supposed to be antagonistic to popular rights and to the free conduct within itself of a nation's internal affairs, hesitated to support Spain in her ambitious projects. England and Russia had territorial possessions in the north, over which there were arising complications with the United States. England would lose her over-seas trade

PRESIDENT WILSON AND CABINET

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

in Central America and South America, if Spain again came into her American possessions. England was envious of her Spanish rival in Spanish-America. England held supremacy on the seas. England protested yet danger threatened. It was at this time that France entered into an alliance with Spain to assist her to regain her American colonies. In 1823 Mr. Canning, Minister of Foreign Relations in England, proposed to Mr. Rush, the United States Minister to the Court of St. James, that the two governments publish "A joint resolution before Europe, protesting further acquisition of territory on the continent." Declining to approve the "joint resolution," and referring to the allied powers of Europe, President Monroe in his message to Congress said: "We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." The Monroe Doctrine is not an international law; it is not a national law; it is a sentiment expressed nearly a hundred years ago,—expressed by one man, then tacitly concurred in by two powerful nations. At that time it seemed to involve national self-preservation. It has since been generally approved *as such* by the republics of the whole western hemisphere, and religiously respected these hundred years by every other nation in the world. "To copper the words known as plain truth," it is the oldest, the biggest and the best bluff ever played in a national game of politics. It is of great moment to the hundred millions of people of this republic and of greater moment to the seventy millions in the republics to the south of us.

Says Señor Allejandro Alvarez, of Chile: "It is the political gospel of the new world."

Says Señor Luis M. Drago, of the Argentine Republic: "It is the formula of foreign policy of the new world; it imposes no dominion and no superiority."

Says ex-Governor MacCorkle: "I believe, if it had not been for the promulgation and enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine by this republic, there would not be today on the continent of South America or Central America a government independent of European control."

"Abandon the Monroe Doctrine," says Speaker Champ Clark of the House of Representatives, "By no manner of means. It is the life preserver of the New World."

Two Americans who at the present time are in a position to represent the sentiments of the millions of the masses on this question are ex-President Roosevelt and President Wilson. Roosevelt says: "It is not true that the United States feels any land hunger; the Monroe Doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power." President Wilson at Mobile two years ago "Bespoke the spirit of America in denying the desire of the United States to attain by conquest a fraction of land on this continent other than what it now possesses." Unofficially and somewhat jocularly, but probably coming from the heart, the great Secretary of State John Hay said: "The Monroe Doctrine is anything that the American people choose to make of it at any particular time to fit any particular occasion."

I do not assume that truth at all times hangs on the lips of the diplomat; I do not assume that virtue at all times resides at the seat of government; I do not assume that war-history in other countries might not repeat itself on this continent; and yet I must assume, as apparent to all the world, that the relations between the two republics exist now as they existed in 1845. But I cannot assume that W. H. Taft speaks in the interest of either republic when he says: "Intervention in Mexico seems necessary; the United States can no longer tolerate the confusion and disorder in our neighboring republic." I do assume rather, as Charles Sumner assumed in 1845, that now "A war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly;" I do assume, as Joshua R. Giddings in 1846 assumed, when he said: "In imitation of William Pitt, I was ready to swear that if I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would not sheathe my sword while an enemy remained on my native soil;" I do assume that in my present attitude I am no less an American patriot than was William L. Dayton, when in 1847 he said: "The President has made this war, made it without right and against right; that the Mexican war has been pursued with a boldness, a shamelessness without parallel; that Mexico has suffered less by her defeats than we have by our victories;" I do assume now, as Tom Corwin in 1847 assumed, that it would be a policy infernal under existing conditions between the two republics that could give occasion to Mexicans to say to Americans: "We will greet you with bloody hands, and welcome you to hospitable graves." I do assume, as Abraham Lincoln in 1848 assumed, when referring to President Polk he intimated: "That he is

deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, is crying to Heaven against him;—that to involve the two countries in a war, and trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory—that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood—that serpent's eye that charms to destroy—he plunged into it, and has swept on and on till, disappointed in his calculation of the ease with which Mexico might be subdued, he now finds himself he knows not where." I do assume that Ulysses S. Grant, the hero of Appomattox, is no less the patriot-hero because in 1885—a veteran of the Mexican War—he penned for history a warning to succeeding generations in the following impeachment of his own country: "We were sent to provoke a fight;—the war was one of conquest;—it was an instance of a republic following the bad example of European monarchies, in their desire to acquire additional territory;—to this day I regard the Mexican War as one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." I do assume that the world-honored militarist, who loved his country and is beloved by his countrymen, is none the less beloved because—forecasting possibly the future—in referring to our Civil War he further penned: "Nations, like individuals, are punished for their transgressions. We got our punishment in the most sanguinary and expensive war of modern times."

More potent to convince than the world theory of the "right of conquest," more conclusive to my mind than the expressed opinion of a thousand statesmen is the

apparent fact that the people do not want the territory of Mexico. Convinced are the people that this country has more so-called "foreign territory" now than it should have; convinced are the people that Mexico in her national entity is worth more to this country as a friend than she would be as an enemy in the sisterhood of states; convinced are the people that to govern Mexico, if that were possible, without the consent of the governed and contrary to the spirit of our institutions, as indicated in other days by the great statesman John C. Calhoun might be the fatal and final step in America's downfall.

In the presence of Mexicans, speaking to a Mexican audience, and on territory formerly Mexican, the tragic past throngs my memory. But I would not indulge in visions of frightful fancy, nor call up the dead of a past generation to ask the reasons why; I would rather look into the canopied sky for the rainbow of promise, or over the hills of coming time for the rising sun. "What is done cannot be undone."

If human life be reckoned at its true value, the Mexican possessions cost this country many times more than all our other territorial possessions; and the Mexican invasion placed a blot on the otherwise fair pages of American history that forever will remain repulsive alike to American and Mexican. As to the value of gold discovered on the American river in 1848 there was at that time no question; as to the results of the Mexican war whose closing scene occurred about that time at Guadalupe-Hidalgo there was in the United States a wide divergence of opinion. That most renowned American orator

and statesman—Daniel Webster in the United States Senate—of this western coast said: "What do we want with this worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting and not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer to Boston than it now is."

General William T. Sherman, then Captain Sherman, soon after the Mexican war of which he was a veteran, was commissioned by General Taylor, then President, to inspect the newly acquired territory. In about a year Captain Sherman returned to Washington to make his report. "Well, Captain, of what value are our new possessions? Are they worth in blood and wealth what they have cost this country? I wish your private opinion." "You know, General," said the Captain, "they cost us one hundred millions of dollars and ten thousand men." "Yes, but we have New Mexico and California." "Well, General, I have been all over that country, made careful investigation, but between you and me we will have to go to war again. Yes, we must have another war." "What for?" asked the General in surprise. "Why to make the Mexicans take their damned country back."

Since that conference at the White House what marvelous changes! The newly acquired territory was either

bordering on, or within, what was then known as "The Great American Desert." As a desert region, there was over it then a dismal cloud and around it a rayless border; in fertility now, it teems with millions, millions realizing golden visions and romantic dreams;—a civilization whose sky is sunshine and whose every prospect is tinged with the golden hues of hope. Through the portals to this civilization have come the curious eyes of all nations,—there having arisen the stranger-than-fiction city, whose Tower of Jewels twinkles in the azure blue, a City of Science-and-Art-Craft unequaled, unequaled since the stars first bejeweled the firmament of heaven.

Heedless of the admonition of the Founders of this republic, the United States has become a world-power. When in 1898 the American soldiers for the first time returned from invading a foreign over-seas country, and landed in San Francisco, there were more than four hundred thousand citizens on either side of Market Street to do them honor. No greater triumph was ever accorded the victorious army of Cæsar, returning to Rome from a foreign land, than was accorded the American army on its triumphal home-ward tour from San Francisco to New York.

The United States is not only a northern state but one of its provinces is of the Central American states. After more than forty failures the United States has constructed the Panama Canal, of its kind the world's greatest enterprise. It was constructed at an expense of four hundred millions of dollars and is of commercial value to every American republic.

The United States has the Philippine possessions in the Orient, the Hawaiian Islands in the central part of the Pacific Ocean, Alaska bordering on the Arctic Ocean, possessions in the West Indies and a strip of land on either side of the canal. The Panama Canal is the world's highway between the seas. It lies within the republic of Panama. On the north are Costa Rica and Nicaragua; on the south and east Colombia and Venezuela. Jamaica, England's island province, menacingly guards the eastern terminus of the canal. Having such vast territory disconnected on this continent, with territorial possessions across the sea, what would the United States be? Friendless in America? Without American support in defense of the Panama Canal? Without American allies in case of an invasion of the armed millions from the Orient or the Occident? England is mistress of the seas. Japan, with her great prestige as a military and maritime power, lies to the west, having an alliance offensive and defensive with England. General Bernhardi in his "Germany and the Next War" predicts, should Germany be crushed in the present world contest, that England will undertake to control the canal. In the air, on the earth and under the sea, there rages the fiercest contest in all history for supremacy; not the supremacy of Europe, not the supremacy of America, nor both, but the supremacy of the human race. In view of the present position of the United States as a world power menacing such European supremacy, in view of the ownership of the canal by the United States, in view of the world's richest possessions inviting the conquest of the western hemisphere,—in view of all the condi-

tions existing, there are menaces to the perpetuity of peace in this republic.

Does Mexico forget that the United States has been her friend? Does Mexico forget that the United States was first among the nations of the world to recognize her independence; that the United States refused to accept Yucatan as one of her provinces when in 1848 she knocked at the door asking for admission into the Union? Does Mexico forget the famous letter of 1865 on Mexican affairs by Secretary of State Seward, sent through our Minister Dayton, to Napoleon? Does Mexico forget that in 1866 General Sheridan marshalled the American army of fifty thousand soldiers in Texas to drive the French army from Mexican territory? Does Mexico forget the policy of President Diaz who said he had no need of a standing army other than to preserve internal peace, no need of a navy, because the navy of the United States under the Monroe Doctrine was bound to protect Mexico from foreign invasion? Does Mexico forget that the American navy has been her defense these many years, as it has been our defense? Does Mexico forget that within the past four years of internecine strife, without expense to Mexico, she had the benefit of the American navy in the harbor of Vera Cruz; that in all these years, under a protest by the European nations of her attitude, the United States has not invaded Mexican territory? In the use of navies, and the "far-flung-battle-line" between the United States and Mexico,

> "Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
> Lest we forget — lest we forget!"

Would Mexico court the friendship of Japan? Of England? Of Germany? Of France? Of Russia? Or would she retain the friendship of the United States whom Gamboa calls "Mexico's nearest friend"? In case of a European world-supremacy, if not America's nearest and most valued friend, what would Mexico be? A Poland? Or a Belgium? Or would she wish to be a Korea? A Tripoli? A Morocco? Or an Algiers? In the changes certain to occur on the map of the world what position would Mexico assume in the galaxy of nations? Would she wish to come to pass the prophecy not long ago made by General Huerta that "England, Japan and Mexico will go together, and after that there will be an end to the United States"? Whatever may be in the minds of the statesmen of England and Japan I know not, but I cannot think the Huerta sentiment prevails in Mexico. I would rather think that in Mexico there exists that other sentiment which a few weeks ago stirred the Pan-American Conference to a burst of patriotic frenzy, the sentiment of Doctor Santiago P. Triana of Colombia who announced the new Pan-American shiboleth to be "America for Americans." The two republics having made tremendous sacrifices of human life for freedom and justice, and now held together by the "golden yoke of amity," humanity cries out that, in the present and in the future, there can be no sacrifices too great that should not be made by both Americans and Mexicans to perpetuate the Mexican republic as

> "One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
> One nation evermore."

The colonization on this continent of the Orientals is a serious national and inter-national question. The Orientals comprise a population of five hundred millions of peoples, a population three times that of both North America and South America. These peoples are more virile than the American or Mexican; and now in some villages, towns, and cities on the West Coast of Mexico monopolize certain occupations, degrade the Mexicans to the low standard of Oriental living and a still lower standard of morals. At various periods in history Egypt, Greece, Rome, England, Ireland and other nations respectively, highly advanced in the arts and sciences, have been over-run, and the identity of the race then and there existing practically lost in the commingling of the races which followed. If England, Japan and Mexico should go together, and in consequence there be an end to the United States, there must follow such Oriental colonization, wide-spread conditions such as now exist on the West Coast, and a new and inferior civilization throughout Mexico. As suggested by Señor Calderon of Peru, who seems not in accord with General Huerta, in case of an invasion from the Orient it may happen that the United States under the new doctrine of Pan-Americanism will be called on to assist in solving the problem of life for all our Southern Republics.

In an address on "Co-education of Races" that I delivered nearly thirty years ago at Washington before a National Association, consisting of the world's most renowned educators, I said: "In the United States of the Mongolian race there are but few Japanese. This

element is so small a factor in our educating influences that I shall pass it over without special comment. There are at least one hundred and fifty thousand Chinese on the Pacific Coast. The best that can be said of the Chinese is that they are industrious, but so is the weavel that destroys our wheat and the army worm that cuts down our oatfields. I can conceive that some day in the centuries to come the other races may become homogenous, assimilated, not necessarily through inter-marrying but may grow to have like tastes, like interests, a common aim and a common political destiny; but I can conceive of no such future for the Chinese in America. To this land of the free they come as serfs; in serfdom they remain. Into this Christian civilization they make entrance; with all their heathenish rites they make exit, returning to their idols in the land of their birth;—theirs is a crusade solely to glean golden shekels, yet the soil on which they glean, although made sacred by the tears and blood of our fathers, is polution even to the bones of their dead."

Instead of one hundred and fifty thousand Orientals as in the United States in 1885, there are now on the Western Coast seven hundred thousand Orientals, principally Japanese. Human nature of whatsoever races, through the centuries, does not change. The end to be obtained in the incorporation of millions of peoples into one nation is not only the happiness of its own peoples but it is also to dominate other peoples. Like conditions produce like results; history *must* repeat itself. Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, said that if you would

divine the future you must study the past. He who would be the fortune teller of the Americas must study the history of Northern Africa, Greece, Rome, Spain, Northern Europe and the British Isles. In the amalgamation of the races, the history of the nations of all Europe for two thousand years will repeat itself in the history of all America. Here, as has been there, physical prowess will assert itself and in the end dominate. I can see with a prophetic eye for this continent an amalgamation of the millions of our peoples with the millions of the Orientals, the virile Orientals in the ascendency, a new and intermixed-degraded civilization,—how distant that day will be must depend upon the joint policy of these two republics and the other countries of this western hemisphere.

As residents of one great commonwealth, under two flags but having a common interest in the highest degree, let us concede that the greatest economic problem in the two republics is that pertaining to the landed estates, and to which President Wilson referred in his instructions given to our American delegates at the Niagara Peace Conference. The landed estates *are a menace* to the free institutions in Mexico, but possibly no greater menace than are the landed estates a menace to this country. Published in the Technical World of January, 1909, were, among other similar facts, the following: that the United States Congress had given to corporations 266,000,000 acres of land; that the Arkansas Land Company owned 1,200,000 acres; the Perry Land Company, 1,200,000 acres; Miller and Lux, 14,400,000 acres; one hundred men in the Sacramento Valley, 17,000,000 acres; Colonel

D. C. Murphy, 4,000,000 acres; Frederick Weyerhaeuser, 30,000,000 acres; Mrs. Virginia Anne King of Texas owned a stretch of country extending fifty miles from the front porch of her home to the front gate of her door yard; the United States Leather Company owned 500,000 acres of hemlock timber land; the Standard Oil Company, 1,000,000 acres of valuable oil land; and that previous to that time, covering a period of twenty-five and a half years, one of the stockholders of said company had received in dividends from said, and other, holdings the enormous amount of $929,000,000.

> " Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Greece and Rome flourished only when their farming communities flourished. Then not millions of acres were the titled possessions of one man but six acres was enough land for the average Roman. Where the land wealth is the monopoly of the few, there " Laws grind the poor and the rich man rules the law." In feudal days throughout Europe, where land titles were not secure to the peasantry, personal property for security was buried, and treasure-trove became a source of wealth to the avaricious rulers. At the present time similar is the condition in unprogressive Hindostan and Turkey. Under the progressive methods of Ireland, Australia and New Zealand public opinion has compelled the landlord to subdivide his holdings in the interest of the peasantry, and the results are marvelous prosperity. In Mexico land monopoly is the complaint of the millions of the landless and, through public opinion, through open bloody revolt and

by reason of the consequences attending, the landlord is in exile from his own country. In the United States are the secret whisperings of the protest of the millions, and these whisperings as to land monopoly portend a fate for this country even worse than that which has befallen unhappy Mexico.

"Wealth is crime enough for him that's poor," but land is the basis of the means of existence, and "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." The land problem must be solved in Mexico, and must be solved by the Mexican people themselves, not by foreign dictation. Through any interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by any American statesman since Monroe wrote his world-famed message to Congress, through any written or unwritten law or precedent, I question the authority of the President to assume to withhold his recognition of a foreign government, "which did not undertake a thorough land reform." Had it not been for the attitude of the President,—insisting on a "thorough land reform"; insisting on Mexico accepting his model of a "Constitutional Government"; insisting on the elimination of Huerta with the threat to lift the embargo on arms from the north, there would have been a final adjudication of the Mexican troubles at the Peace Conference, which originated at Los Angeles and concluded at Niagara.

Ignorance of the conditions existing in Mexico on the part of our American people, and this includes many in high official positions, is as marked as is the ignorance of the conditions existing in Egypt or in Patagonia. Refusing the counsels of the American residents in Mexico, the information on which even the government acts comes

from special agents whose headquarters have been in the war centers. As consistent is the President, in shaping his Mexican policy by relying on his special agents, who obtain their information from the respective leaders of the Mexican rebellion, as he would be in shaping his European policies by relying on the statements of the war leaders of Europe. Without the proof I cannot assume, as have the jingoists, that the oil interests, the agricultural interests and the smelting interests influence this government in its attitude towards Mexico. From my knowledge acquired by personal contact with those who frequent the Castle of Chapultepec and the National Palace, and the thousands of peons I met along the mountain sides of the Sierra Madres on the west and in the valleys along the Gulf of Mexico on the east, I must conclude that the Administration has not been rightly informed as to the character and conditions of the Mexican people.

"Constitutional Government!" Did the Fathers of the American Republic,—did Washington, did Hamilton, did Jefferson, did Adams,—did any statesman in "the days of '76" even so much as dream that on the elective franchise by the American Indian could rest the foundation of free republican institutions? Lincoln in his debates with Douglas on slavery would not concede, under our "Constitutional Government," that ignorance should have the use of the ballot. And Taft, referring to the Philippines, says: "The principle that applies to citizenship is that the citizen have intelligence, education and self-restraint enough to know what *is* his best interest, to understand what civil liberty *is* and what his rights in a government securing civil liberties *are*." It is estimated

that there are in Mexico twelve millions of illiterate Indians and mixed-bloods, twelve millions who do not know what "Constitutional Government" is; who would not take part in and, to the extent of the use of the ballot, could not intelligently take part in such "Constitutional Government." Nevertheless, President Wilson seems to dictate a "Constitutional Government" to, and to force *his* interpretation of a "Constitutional Government" on, the republic of Mexico, applying a political principle of popular sovereignty that ex-Governor Taft did not apply, and President Wilson does not apply, to the Philippines. A similar attitude on the part of the then Administration existed in "Reconstruction Days" toward our Southern states, and the "Carpet Bagger" made use of to enforce such "Constitutional Government" in the alleged interests of four millions of illiterate negroes. As much as I approve a democracy, it is that democracy, and only that democracy, of which the people of themselves, by themselves and for themselves, are capable. If illiterate negroes or illiterate Indians, where in the majority, are to control intelligence, supported by force, governmental or moral; if ignorance is to rule and reign supreme, the inevitable end of a republic must be rule and ruin.

In more recent times, as in the far-distant past, we read the history of a nation in the lives of her illustrious men; in the two republics we have such luminaries, as stars in the firmament. In our country we have had a Washington, a Hamilton, a Franklin, a Marshall, a Lincoln, a Grant, and hundreds of others; in Mexico every city testifies in mute marble statues to the greatness of Mexico's heroes and statesmen. In 1867 Victor Hugo

said: "America has two heroes, Abraham Lincoln and Benito Juarez; Lincoln by whom slavery has died, and Juarez by whom liberty has lived." Said Theodore Roosevelt in 1908: "President Diaz is the greatest statesman now living." James Creelman, of his hero of fifty battlefields, in 1910 said: "There is no more heroic, no more picturesque, no more commanding and appealing figure in the world than Porfirio Diaz; Diaz created a nation." And Elihu Root, about the same time, said: "I look to Porfirio Diaz, the President of Mexico, as one of the great men to be held up for the hero-worship of mankind." Whether in Mexico against a citizen of this country, or in this country against a citizen of Mexico,

> "I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
> And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride."

As an American citizen, I protest before the world against the circulation through our public press of epithets against the Mexican leaders or their millions of followers, epithets manufactured by at least three of America's leading diplomats whose sacred duty should be to encourage harmony in Mexico and to promote her peace. I refer to such epithets as "The precarious and hateful power"; "That Bloody Old Butcher"; "The Dreamer of Coahuila"; "The Dummy Opera Bouffe President"; "His contribution to the cause of Constitutionalism, the Massacre of Victoria"; "Responsible for the desolation and spoilation of the states of Morelos and Guerrero"; "Against *any* government"; "The bandit of twenty-five years"; "Professional bandits who loot to live and live to loot."

The maligners of character are no respecters of persons, but happily those who malign character seldom live longer than through the echo of their evil words. I remember when Grant was called "The Heartless Butcher." My memory also runs back to the time when in the public press and on the rostrum Lincoln was called a "Southern Sympathizer," and his adherents "Lincoln's hirelings"; when, thinking he had served his countrymen in the awful deed he had committed, John Wilkes Booth leaped from the stage of Ford's Theater with these words on his treasonous lips: "Sic Semper Tyrannis." And when later, still thinking the maligners of Lincoln would applaud the deed, his lips quivering in death, he whispered: "I—I want my mother to know that I did this for my country." Grant and Lincoln are dead and revered; the names of the revered inscribed in the Temple of Fame; the names of the maligners, sunk into complete oblivion.

Let Mexicans say what they may of Mexicans, but when an American citizen, whose official duty should be to promote harmony among warring peoples, belies himself and maligns a patriot in a foreign country, I blush for shame. Formerly having eulogized "The Man of Mexico" as Mexico's greatest benefactor, the Great American Peace Advocate recently said: "What! that bloody old butcher, that bloody old tyrant, who has done nothing but butcher and murder for thirty years, and would be doing so yet only that such patriots as Madero, Carranza and Villa rose to throw off the yoke of tyranny, which resulted in driving him from the country." Porfirio Diaz, in exile, just before the closing scene of his life, might have sug-

gested as his sentiments, and for like reason, what Robert Emmet, the Irish Patriot, just before his execution suggested for himself: "Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth — then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

THE MEXICAN HERO!—

O Sovereign of the skies! —
" Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honors to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live."

THE MEXICAN PATRIOT! As in a moving picture, I see him as an obscure boy of obscure parents in "The dwelling place of heroes in the garden of the gods"; I see him there as a student of theology and a student of law; I see him there as the ward of Benito Juarez; I see him as the soldier fighting against tyranny; I see him bleeding and helpless on the field of battle; I see him in prison, suffering penalty for his patriotism; I see him, disguised as a sailor, returning home to fight for the cause of his distressed people; I see him as the ruler of a great nation on the streets of the City of Mexico, un-

PORFIRIO DIAZ

México Febrero 1911

México, Septiembre 5 de 1910.

Señor

C. S. Young

Los Angeles.

Estimado señor:

Me refiero á la atenta carta de Ud. de 30 del pasado, dándole las gracias por las bondadosas felicitaciones que se sirve dirigirme, tanto con motivo del Centenario de nuestra Independencia, cuanto por mi próximo cumpleaños, y al manifestarle que muy sinceramente estimo esas muestras de su benévola consideración, quedo de Ud. afmo. servidor y amigo,

Porfirio Díaz

GUSTAVO MADERO FRANCISCO I. MADERO, Sr. FRANCISCO I. MADERO, Jr.

armed and unattended; I see him on the International Bridge, hand-clasped with another ruler, promoting peace; I see him with his beloved family in his home of sadness, preparing to bid farewell forever to the scenes of his triumphs; I see him in his last flight from the country to which he gave a new birth of freedom; I see him as an exile in a country across the seas; I see him there, dying of a broken heart, as his fellow-countrymen are being sacrificed to gratify the ambitions of unworthy would-be successors; I see Diaz, as the Napoleon of Mexico, in history, growing greater and grander through the centuries.

Let no man impugn the motive of the rebel. The rebel is the friend of the oppressed, the foe of the oppressor. The rebel is the protector of the timid, the terror of the tyrant. The rebel is the defender of the people, the destroyer of the despot. The rebel is the champion of freedom; freedom, the child of rebellion. To the patriotism of the rebel must be accorded the credit of our free republics in America. The rebel of today is the patriot of tomorrow.

To the discredit of America is that damning page of recorded history, that of the death of the North American Indian; to the credit of "Old Mexico," the Indian of that country still lives, still has the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I am not of those who think the only good Indian is the "dead Indian." For many years I have been the champion of the native Indian, crossing the continent four times to plead for his education before the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the committees of the two houses of Congress. The Indian is human and has his faults, but he will not sell his freedom for gold.

His lands may be laid waste; he may be driven from fertile fields to barren deserts; the scalps of his wife and the children he loves may dangle at the belt of his conquerors, but he will not be enslaved. All that is near and dear to him may be sacrificed on the altar of the greed of others, but his liberty is his life. Long before the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, Mexico had ceased to be "half slave and half free." For the millions of Indians and mixed-bloods of Mexico that are fighting for what *they think* is justice and freedom I have the highest regard. Their self-sacrifices on the bloody battlefields of the past four years presage a future for the Mexican Republic, as does no other trait in human character. Whatever may be said now of the leaders and their followers, they are Mexicans, men as brave as ever stood in the forefront of battle. In other years the historian will tell of their valorous deeds in prose, and the poet will sing of those deeds in song. As Lincoln resolved for the soldier-dead at Gettysburg, let us here highly resolve for the Mexican dead,—"that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In Mexico twelve millions of illiterates; in the United States and her territorial possessions, fourteen millions! With so great illiteracy, in each republic there is a cloud somewhat larger than a man's hand which o'erhangs awfully threatening. In each republic the image whose head may be of fine gold has arms of silver, thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet part of iron and part of clay. Ignorance is a basilisk which by its poisonous breath blights all

the intellectual verdure through which it creeps; ignorance is a Lake Avernon whose mephitic vapors impregnate with poison all the life that flits in its atmosphere, bathes in its waters, or loiters on its shores; ignorance is a cancerous ulcer that destroys the tissues and saps the life of the body politic.

An old Roman author said: "While we live let us live"; one of the greatest Generals of modern times said: "Let us have peace"; the highest sentiment in mankind, that of Frederick Froebel: "Let us live in our children." "The fate of empires depends upon the education of youth," said Aristotle; "Public instruction should be the first object of government," said Napoleon; said Burke: "Education is the chief defense of nations." "Educate, educate,—we must educate or die by our prosperity." "Educate the people," was the cry of Penn, and Washington, and Jefferson, and Garfield, to a free people. Egypt raised aloft her cities, her temples, and her pyramids. Phoenicia built her ships and carried on commerce over the Mediterranean, and farther out on the broad Atlantic. She did more; she invented letters and introduced the alphabetical system into Greece, thence into Rome. In Greece and Rome and Alexandria they had their painters, their sculptors and their architects, their authors and their statesmen,— all of whom came from the nobility; but in none of these had they any national system of free education for God's poor. Free education is the poor man's marble staircase that leads upward and into the palaces of wealth, health and happiness.

In any republic, dearer to the human heart should be the modern free school than ever to the ancients was the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, or the Holy Sepulchre at Mecca. Could we call up the dead military heroes, the Charlemagnes, the Alfreds the Great, and the Mohammeds to ask what was the greatest work they did for their respective subjects, every one for himself would answer: "What I did for their education." More ennobling than Corinthian columns of architectural beauty; more enduring than the ancient ruins of Mitla; a means of greater defense than dynamite, and submarines and dreadnaughts, is the hidden power of education. The Nobles, the Krupps, the Maxims and the Zeppelins manufacture the tremendous inanimate forces for use in the present world-war contest; for a century past the Rousseaus, the Pestalozzis and the Froebels have been preparing the still more effective animate forces, a thousand times more effective, the human mind forces of the millions now shaping the destinies of nations. Our republics may have their armaments, and their railroads, and their telegraphs, and their printing presses; their judiciary, their legislatures and their elective franchise, and yet the basis of all these is in education; the basis of free government is in education; in a republic the hope of the millions is the free public school. In this cradle sleeps the science of government; in this cradle are rocked national destinies; in this cradle is honored the world's Prince of Peace.

In an address I delivered in 1885 at the world's fair in New Orleans, I used these words: "In the same month of the same year that was signed the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, on the American river was discovered the

SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
(At Yale Commencement Exercises)

precious metal that made real the dream of the Spanish voyagers and attracted to this El Dorado the peoples of South America, Europe and China. As was the great historic scene at Appomattox to the education of the 'Sunny South,' so was the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo to the development of the 'Golden West.' The northern shores of the 'Golden West' have had more than their share in that development,—development resulting by reason of sentiment, natural conditions and a combination of human forces."

Patriotism is to be commended; exclusiveness, deplored; but, thanks to inventive genius, no longer possible. An unseen hand, through modern science, transmits magic power from one point to another, making the social, political and commercial conduct in one nation of interest to every other nation. The interchange of the necessities and luxuries of life is no longer exclusively local; it is world-wide. The iron rails and the steamship lines that bring the peoples of the north and of the south in touch within hours; the copper wires and the wireless, within seconds, are more significant as to the unity of the two republics than all the words that ever fell from the lips of President Monroe.

Caesar crossed the Rubicon for conquest; William of Normandy, the English Channel to extend the glory of his empire; Peter the Hermit led the Crusade against Jerusalem that he might rescue that Holy City from the wicked Saracen; the conquering Spaniard crossed the Atlantic to secure the gold, silver and copper from the Land of the Montezumas, where exists the world's richest storehouse of precious metals. The world now needs these metals,

and, in the development of commerce and manufactures, likewise Mexico's oil, coal, rubber and iron, as never before in history.

In the language of Edmund Burke, "War never leaves where it found a nation"; one of the results of war is the inevitable migration of peoples from war-centers. When a world peace shall have been declared, from the war-centers of Europe, from the United States and other countries there will be a migration of peoples in numbers such as never before known. Mexico could not, if she would, exist a hermit nation. "When the roaring conflagration of anarchies" shall have died away; when Mexico's peace shall have been restored, a stable government formed, security to life and property guaranteed — and these must and will be — Mexico will have the use and benefit not of five billions of foreign capital, but many times five billions of dollars. Mexico will have not twenty-five thousand foreigners, but, as now in the United States, Chile, Brazil and the Argentine, millions of foreigners. Southward and into "Old Mexico" the course of empire will take its way, as westward it took its way "In the days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine"; southward, in quest of the fruits of the soil, into that "Garden of Hesperides" the invading army of peace will take up the line of march, carrying to the war-stricken peoples of that tropic and semi-tropic clime wealth and energy and enterprise. The eagle of the north, facing the rainbow of promise, and the eagle of the south, facing the rising sun, must remain sisters in fancy and fact, world-recognized; in the American family of republics, they will continue to possess the heritage of the free, continue to

VICTORIANO HUERTA

PRESIDENT VENISTUANO CARRANZA

have a common hope, a common interest and a common destiny.

Friends, Mexicans, World-Countrymen:

You and the rest of the seventy-five thousand refugees in California are our nation's guests. Through cruel fate you are here, but you honor us by your presence. I speak not only my sentiments but the sentiments of all good Americans, when I extend you greetings and cordial hospitality. The sunshine and flowers of California we gladly share with you. As you would say to me, if I were in Mexico as your guest, our homes and all they hold are yours. In memory you will revert to

> "The fairy haunts of long lost hours;"

in the present I would that you might dwell in the gardens of "auspicious hope." I would that you might always remain with us, but you will return to the country of surpassing beauty, of wonderful history; to

> "Society, Friendship and Love, Divinely bestowed upon man;"

to the country of your birth, to the country you love as you love your life.

> "Such is the Patriot's boast, where e're we roam,
> His first best country ever is at home."

I assume that I, an American, am talking to you as Mexicans, and through you to your countrymen,—possibly to a few of my fellow-countrymen. As one whose language is not yours, who worships at another shrine, and pays homage to another flag, may I speak as a friend, and speak plainly? The world outside of Mexico has produced no greater intellects than has Mexico, no greater patriots, no

greater diplomats, no higher culture; the most deplorable of all Mexico's woes is the illiteracy of her masses.

As Mexicans, would you agree with me that some of Mexico's leading citizens have not shown the proper spirit of amity; have not at all times exercised due patience; have not extended the hand of cordial fellowship in our international relations, but have encouraged antagonisms not in accord with the spirit of historic friendship between the two sister nations?

As an American, I might admit that Diaz would not have become an exile had he continued to have the moral support of our peoples; I might admit that the Madero revolution was financed on this side of the border-line; I might admit that there is an ulterior motive in the conduct of certain of our citizens seeming to promote and to perpetuate the rebellion; I might admit that no one who knows dares now proclaim the secret plottings in countries foreign to Mexico, plottings that have made possible Mexico's woes; I might admit that Huerta is a patriot, a military genius, and as President should have been recognized; I might admit as unwise the President's insistence that Mexico must conform to his theory of a "Constitutional Government"; I might admit that a national American policy, alternating in the interest of the various warring factions, has been subversive of political unity in Mexico; I might admit that *many* of our national Mexican policies have been dispiriting to Mexico's hope for peace and prosperity; but I cannot admit that there is any motive, other than a good motive, in the attitude of this government towards the Mexican government. The Mexican policies of Taft and Wilson in international relations

between the two republics will be of interest, principally to the historian of the future; whether good or bad, for the present, "let the dead past bury its dead."

I think you appreciate, as I do, that the successful Mexican Administration should have, *must have,* the moral support of the American Administration. One of Mexico's leading Generals reads, I think, from the "handwriting on the wall" when he says: "No faction will ever win out without first having been recognized by the United States." Call it recognition, call it good offices, call it intervention, call it what you will,—I think I read the Mexican mind when I assert that Mexico cares little through what influence honorable peace is obtained; cares less from what faction a capable President comes, and from what faction comes a body of intelligent legislators. Within the past four years I know that hundreds of great, benevolent Mexican minds have visited Los Angeles, New York and Washington to exert influence in this government for intervention. Mexico wants intervention. Mexico wants intervention, not invasion. Mexico wants the intervention of a friend, not a foe; the intervention of a benefactor, not a destroyer; the intervention of one who would have intelligence rule, and not ignorance. What Mexico does not want is intervention for conquest, intervention for the exploitation of her wealth in the interest of the foreigner. Nor would she have intervention, similar to that of half a century ago in our southland, that would take the governmental power from intelligence and place it in the control of ignorance; that would subject three millions of highly educated Mexicans to the domination of twelve millions of political incompetents.

Through these momentous years of history-making in Mexico, I have been in constant touch with many of Mexico's leading citizens; it has been my deepest regret that I could not reach the ear of this Administration. Through these years I could think of but one national policy on the part of this government towards Mexico, that policy being that the Administration recognize that faction which by nature and education is equipped to control; that the Administration recognize that faction without restriction as to Mexico's domestic affairs; that the Administration support that faction, and its candidate for the Presidency, by moral force, by financial force, by all the force in the possession of this world-powerful government; feeling assured that then, and not till then, could intelligent Mexicans work out for themselves and their fellow-countrymen Mexico's glorious destiny.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

'Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: In 1909 the Honorable Charles Sumner Young was "The Nominee of The Pacific Coast States for the Mexican Ambassadorship." Our Company at that time, in pamphlet form, published "*A Letter to the President*" under the official direction of the then Secretary of State, Honorable Charles F. Curry, now a member of Congress from California. The endorsement of the nominee carried the names of U. S. Senators, Congressmen, Governors, ex-Governors, University Presidents, Justices of State Supreme Courts, Church Bishops and others from every part of the United States; and included also a reference to the endorsement of the nominee by the Republic of Mexico—through the Secretary of Foreign Relations, and the Mexican Embassy at Washington, D.C.

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